

Help * the * Blind.

Please buy a Hymn from a Blind Man,
who was made so by Brain Fever, and is
thrown upon his own resources for a
living.

*"Him that cometh unto me I will in
no wise cast out."*

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

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